

UNTIL WE MEET AGAIN...

BY RUBENA I MANGERA

*Dedicated to my better half - may I go on your
shoulders when it is time for me to leave.*

*Written in memory of the Ummah's lost loved
ones. May we all be reunited with them on the
other side, in the Gardens of Paradise.*

Ameen.

FOREWORD

In the name of The Almighty, the compassionate, the most merciful.

It is a pleasure to have been asked by Rubena to write a foreword to her delightful collection of poems addressing the current plight of those who have lost their loved ones to the coronavirus pandemic.

In my role as a Muslim chaplain & Imam at East Lancs Hospitals NHS Trust for more than two decades, I have seen much more trauma, pain, and anguish arising from the pandemic in the last year, than I have compared to all my previous years. It has been heart-breaking and difficult being in the front-line, delivering end of life care and post-death bereavement support to numerous grieving and heartbroken families, who could not say goodbye to their loved ones, nor see them before they took their last breath.

This has been a truly tragic time, with the worst health crisis in living memory of the NHS, where multiple daily deaths have become a common occurrence, with many succumbing to Covid-19 and some, still only in their prime years of life. Sadly, this pandemic has indeed changed the course of many lives, and humanity at large is going through an unprecedented time, with devastating consequences.

Amidst these challenging and traumatic times, this heart-rendering collection of poems by Rubena Mangera, will hopefully be another outlet to gain some hope, peace, and comfort for those who may find it difficult and challenging to come to terms with their loss.

Rubena has been creative with her choice of words and has aptly and artistically portrayed a sense of empathy, hope, and faith for those who have been tested by this pandemic.

This moving anthology perfectly reflects the peaks and troughs of this past year, ranging from light-hearted humour, to the harrowing experiences of loss and a sense of gravity of the pandemic, in the mind of the reader.

With its useful Islamic reflections and faith-rooted messages, the anthology leaves a stark reminder of the brevity of human life and is a source of solace for those who seek answers from The Almighty to help them overcome their loss.

The title of the work 'Until we meet again...' is reminding us not to forget the true nature of life and death. Our lives here are temporary, and death does not bring an end to our lives but really the beginning of our eternal journey and everlasting existence.

It tells us we have a small window of opportunity to secure our salvation by doing some good on this mortal planet and value our family and friends who we sometimes take for granted, so that we may meet again eternally in Paradise.

It makes one realise that we need family and friends and community cohesion to help us through tough times. Humans by nature need to love and be loved. This book aptly illustrates that.

I recommend this collection of poems to all those affected by the pandemic to help them in their moments of sadness, particularly those who have been left behind.

I sincerely hope and pray that this work proves to be a source of benefit and revival of hope and that it inspires readers to ultimately trust in The Almighty Creator to pull us through these trying times.

Fazlurrahman Hassan (BA, Cert Ed)

Imam / Muslim Chaplain (East Lancashire Hospitals NHS Trust)

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Photographer: R.Mangera

WHERE THE NIGHTMARE BEGINS...

The phone rings like on a normal day,
But nothing can prepare you for what the caller has to say,
'Get down here - you better be quick!'
The panic in their voice rises, as they tell you, your loved one is sick.

In preCovid times, you could run to the bedside of the ill at the drop of a hat,
But the infectious nature of Covid soon put an end to that!

To think of a loved parent lying in hospital on their own,
Is enough to make an adult cry, no matter how far from the nest they've grown,
Or to know that your sibling who had once made you laugh so much,
Was suffering alone and there's no way for you to get in touch.

My worst nightmare is bad news about the leader of the family - the head of the
house,
Where does a wife even begin, to prepare for the death of her spouse?

All-day you're on the edge, frantically pacing,
Your heartbeat and your mind, constantly racing.

You hope and you pray, what else can you do?
And try to keep busy in whatever coping mechanism works for you,
For some that will be praying, or cleaning to no end,
For some cooking lots of dishes, will help stop them going round the bend!

There's an endless round of texts and calls asking if there's anything you need,
The answer is always the same - '**just make dua**'¹ you plead.

¹ Prayers

GETTING THE NEWS

The night stretches endlessly out in front of you,
As you toss and turn, praying your loved one pulls through.

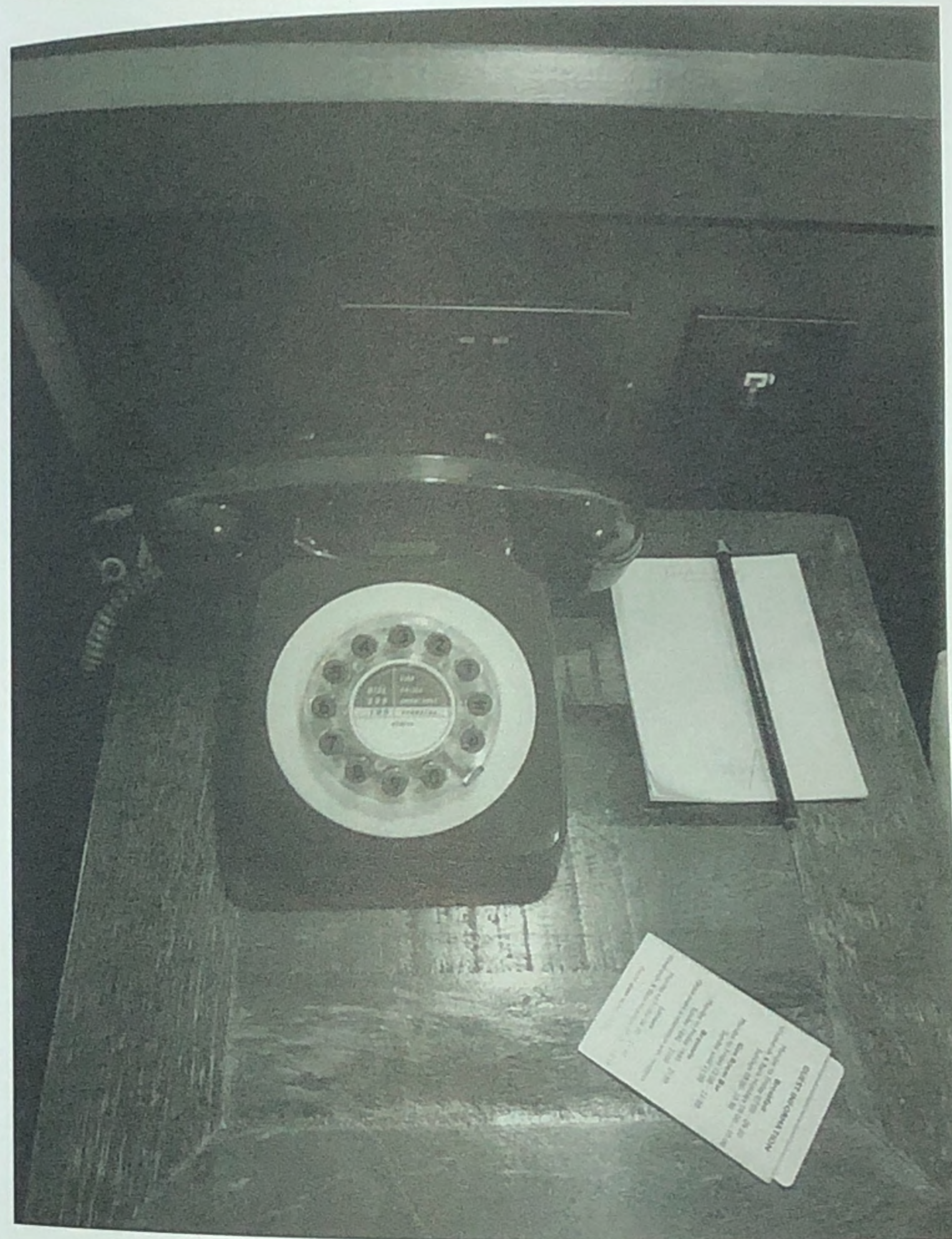
You beg, plead and to The Almighty implore,
Till your tears dry up and your eyes feel sore.

Eventually, the alarm goes off with a beep,
Not that you needed it, as you couldn't fall asleep,
On autopilot, you make the kids their morning tea,
All the while wishing with your loved one you could be.

Every time the phone rings, you feel the pounding of your heart,
Will this be the call that gives news of the souls depart?
And just like that, when the news comes, you feel a crushing blow,
You still keep expecting them, to any minute now, just walk through the door.

As per your faith, you say the words
'To Him we belong and to Him, we do return'
Even though understandably you still do yearn,
For one more hug, one kiss or embrace,
Another chance to hear their laughter and see their smiling face.

But alas, you know that their time to go back into the ground has come,
And so, despite with grief feeling heavy and numb,
The preparations must begin in earnest now to return the **Amanah**²,
upon us bestowed,
It's time to get our loved ones ready to rest in their final abode.



Photographer: R.Mangera

² A blessing entrusted



Photographer: R.Mangera

PREPARATIONS...

There are so many practicalities that hadn't crossed your mind,
Administrative stuff like getting the death certificate signed,
Making arrangements for the washing and shrouding of the deceased,
May with all those we have buried, The Almighty be pleased. (Ameen)

At times like this, the community spirit really shows,
Uninvited, people will turn up to your doors.
Many will be genuine in offering words of hope,
Bringing meals and doing chores, whilst with your grief you cope.

Others you will wonder what they are doing there,
When the deceased was alive, they didn't then seem to care.
Why some respect people in death more than life, I'll never understand,
If it were up to me, the 'show your face' culture would be banned!

With Covid regulations though, things took on an additional twist,
Some people ignored the guidelines and continued to insist,
On going outside their support bubble, in order to their respects pay,
No matter how many text messages went out saying 'at your own home stay!'

As if the grieving family did not have enough to worry about,
Than another loved one falling ill, because the rules someone chose to flout.

Let this be a reminder, to each of us, to do what's right,
Follow the regulations and don't add to the family's plight,
By taking offence at being told to pray from home,
If you're genuine, the prayers will reach even from afar as Rome!

THE BURIAL

The grave has been dug, the coffin is on its way,
The men in their rows, stand in line to pray.

The **Janazah** ³ prayer is complete, the body is lowered into the grave,
To The Almighty once again is returned His lowly slave.

The grave is sealed up, who knows the inhabitant's fate,
We pray for all our loved ones, that they can see a heavenly gate,
That their resting place is a floral expanse, with an endless breadth,
Fragrant with scents of Paradise, rising from its innermost depth.

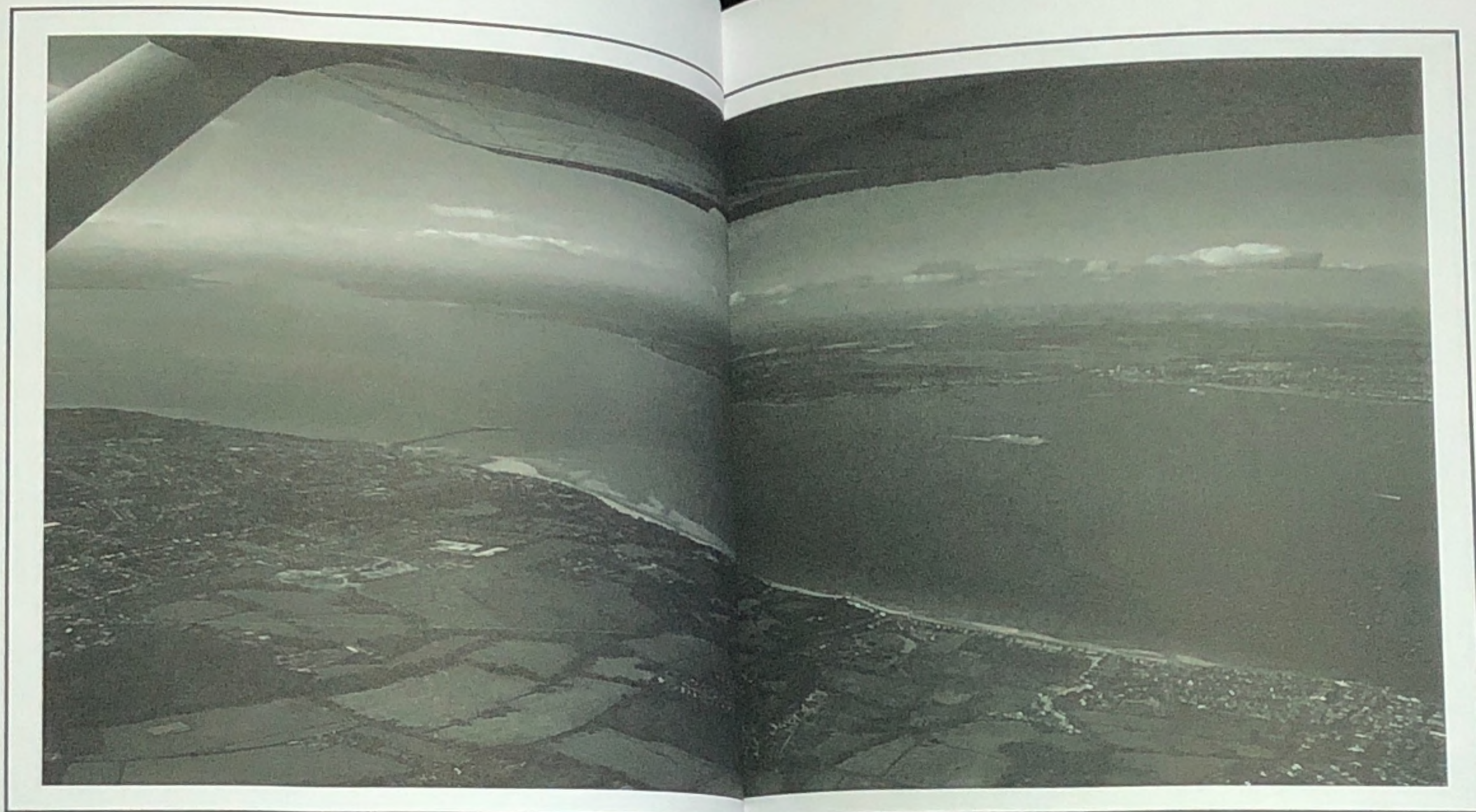
All we can now do from our place above the ground,
Is shower our loved ones with gifts abound,
This could be in the form of a **Durood** ⁴ wrapped and sent with love,
Or recite verses from the Quran - the book from high above.

May The Almighty make the deceased recipients, be happy with the gifts we send,
And may He grant us living ones the ability to prepare for a good end.

³ Farewell prayer for the deceased

⁴ Salutations on Prophet Muhammad (peace be upon him)

Photographer: Z Patel



Photographer: Z.Anjum

THE REMAINING ONES...

The burial is complete, the deceased laid to rest,
And now for the remaining ones is the real test.

To somehow survive through the sorrow and the grief,
All whilst upholding, the values of belief.

Sometimes it's hard, to not question the why,
Or to feel like it was too soon to say goodbye.

Some may feel guilty for surviving instead,
And others may feel like there's no point getting out of bed.

And then for feeling such despair or having these doubtful thoughts,
You may feel a 'bad Muslim' and in a vicious cycle be caught.

But know this, it is normal, to go through these stages,
The Almighty is still with you, through each of these phases.

He has always been there, still is and always will be,
So, in that knowledge breathe and take it easy.

It's ok to cry, to feel sad, and to grieve,
None of these things means that you do not believe.

Talk to Him, cry to Him, tell Him of your pain,
Let your feelings pour out like the unplugging of a drain.

There'll also be days when you just don't have the words,
All you wish is that you could be free to fly like the birds,
To not have to deal with the paperwork and responsibilities your loved one's left
behind,
To be free of this anguish, overcoming your heart and mind.

Because the truth is, duas aren't there to just wave a magic wand,
They are part of the process to help deepen the bond,
Between you and The Almighty who wants the best for you,
And eventually, you'll see that stronger on the other side you will come through.



MY DEAREST HUSBAND

The only thing that keeps me going is knowing we shall one day meet again,
And although there is no way of telling of the exact how and when,
I know it will indeed happen, for it is The Almighty's promise,
And that in itself, gives me comfort and solace.

I imagine us both sitting, in gardens green,
You dressed like a king, with me as your queen,
As we talk, laugh, eat and eat,
Oh my! The dishes are such a treat!

There's no worry at all about putting on weight,
Or that the food will get cold because you're back from work late,
No cooking, cleaning, or worry of household chores,
No bad news here of illnesses or wars.

It's a land where peace and joy abound,
Of quarrelsome voices, you'll never hear a sound.

We shall meet there again and stand together as we once stood,
Only this time, never separated we shall be together for good (IA - If The
Almighty wills).

Until we meet again my darling, lots of love ♡

Photographer: R.Mangera

MY DEAREST WIFE

Each morning I wake up and wish it were time to go to bed,
And then when darkness falls, getting through the night I dread.


The daytime gives me hope that you'll visit me again at night,
In a dream or vision just to give me a little insight,
Of how you are getting on, are you happy in your resting place?
I hope and pray you are at peace in God's loving embrace.

As I think of you, I dwell on all the happy memories we made,
Whilst hugging your pillow, hoping the smell of you does never fade.

Some nights, I endlessly toss and turn,
Oh, how the pain in my heart does burn!
A gaping hole as I miss you so much
Your gentle words and loving touch.

But the nights I see you in my dreams,
Ambling by gently flowing streams,
Dressed in white from head to toe,
Smiling and emitting such a glow.

Gives my heart peace and glimmers of hope,
And a sense of feeling 'yes I'll cope',
So, I take a deep breath, smile, and face the day,
Knowing The Almighty will look after me, so long as His commands, I obey.

Until we meet again my dear, lots of love 

WEDDING KEEPSAKE BOX

*Love looks not with the eyes,
but with the mind*

- William Shakespeare

symbol of our love and commitment

TO MY DEAREST MOTHER

There are so many times I just stare at my phone,
As I sit there feeling lost and alone,
I wish I could call you like I used to before,
Only this time I wouldn't take it for granted anymore.

Our daily catch-ups where you'd ask how I am,
And I'd get advice from you like 'Mum, how long do I
cook this lamb?'
Where you'd fill me in on what was happening in your
day,
I've made your favourite, 'make sure you pick it up'
you'd say.

I wish I had sat for longer with you,
Things just got busier as my own family grew,
There were always chores to do, kids to be fed,
After a long day of work, I'd just want to retire to bed.

You'd say 'come down on the weekend then, bring
the kids with you and eat here'
Having family around you is something you always did
hold dear.

I'd say 'yeh I'll try my best Mum, but I've got a lot to
do,
Kids have got football in the morning and then later
on tuition too.'

'I'll be busy doing runs but I'll try my best to pop in'
I always knew you'd understand as I spread myself
thin.

I sacrificed my time with you in favour of others,
Because if anyone understands the demands on us,
we know it's our mothers!
Once you're married it feels everyone wants a piece
of you,
Kids, in-laws, hubby, and wider society too.

I don't know how you juggled it all Mum, when it was your
turn,
I go into panic mode just when my onions burn!
I miss the sound of your voice, your calm words telling me
not to stress,
Your wisdom and advice when I'd got myself into a mess.

I remember you taught me how to give my firstborn a bath,
On my journey to motherhood, you showed me the path.

When I was ill, without fail, you'd be the first one at my door,
Armed with essentials you'd always want to make sure,
That your little girl had everything she might need,
Straight to the kitchen and sorting things out you would
proceed.

Before I'd know it, there would be warm chicken soup on a
tray,
The house would be shipshape and the kids busy at play,
You made it all look so easy Mum, you were definitely a pro,
Even when tired, you'd always be on the go!

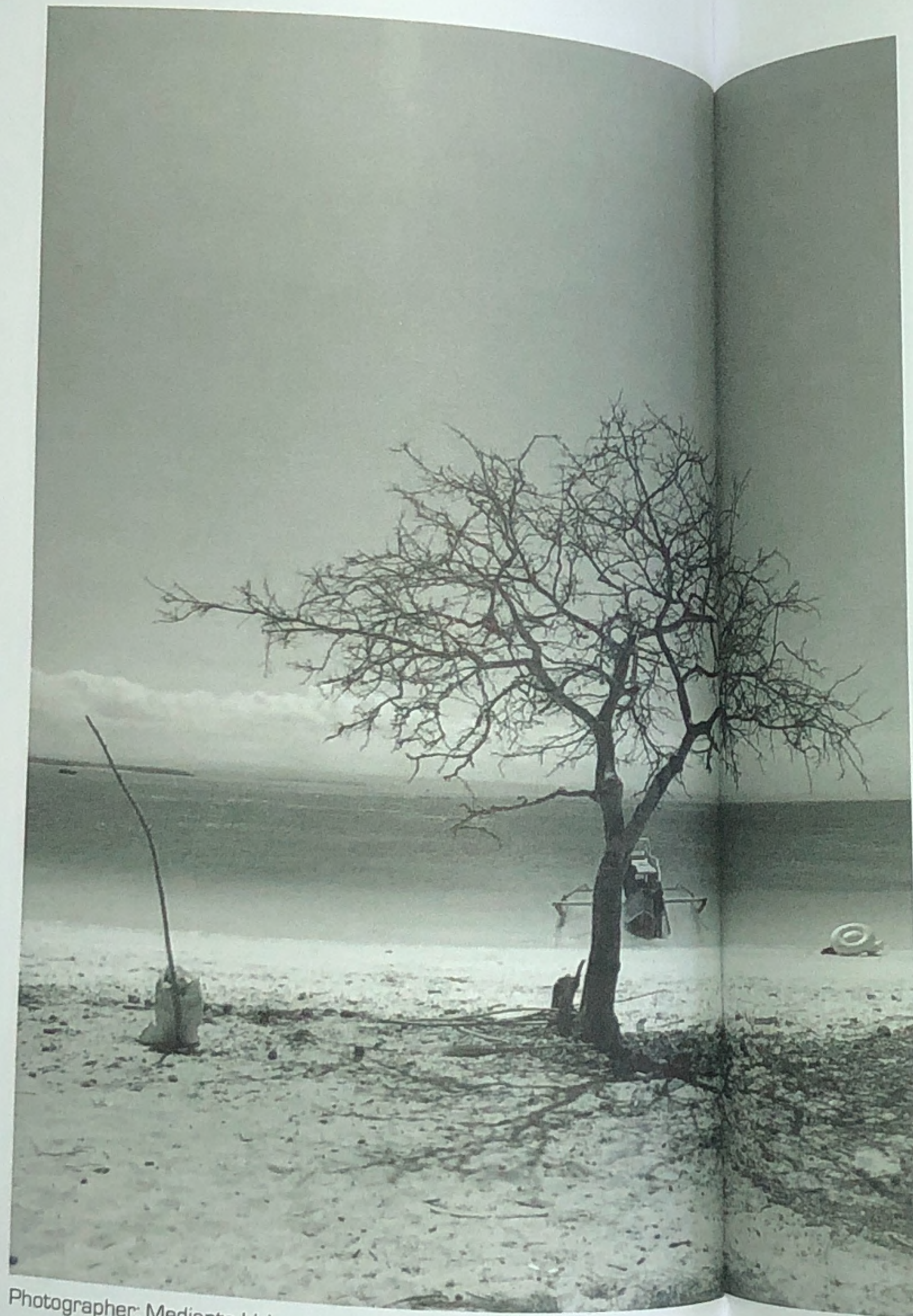
You always did so much for everyone,
It's still so hard to believe that you've gone,
That I'll never see 'Mum' show up on my caller list breaks
my heart,
And that I didn't visit you more often, is something I regret
on my part.

For anyone whose mum is still alive, hear my plea,
As often as you can, make sure your mum you see.
For the world will keep making demands of you
And you'll look back and never understand where time flew.
Whilst she's present make the most of it and value your
mother,
For it's true when they say like her, there is no other.

Until we meet again Mother, lots of love 

T O M Y D E A R E S T

F A T H E R



Photographer: Medianto Idris

Father, I know for us to show affection wasn't the norm,
But I always knew I could turn to you to help me weather any storm.

Whether it was a helping hand with cash if I ever was short,
To any other situation where I might have needed your support.

We might not have had long chats like I always have with Mum,
But your absence still leaves me feeling lost, empty, and numb.

For you were my hero, in all things big and small,
Always there to catch me if ever I should fall.

Each day you'd go out to work at the crack of dawn,
No matter how tired you were we didn't hear you moan.

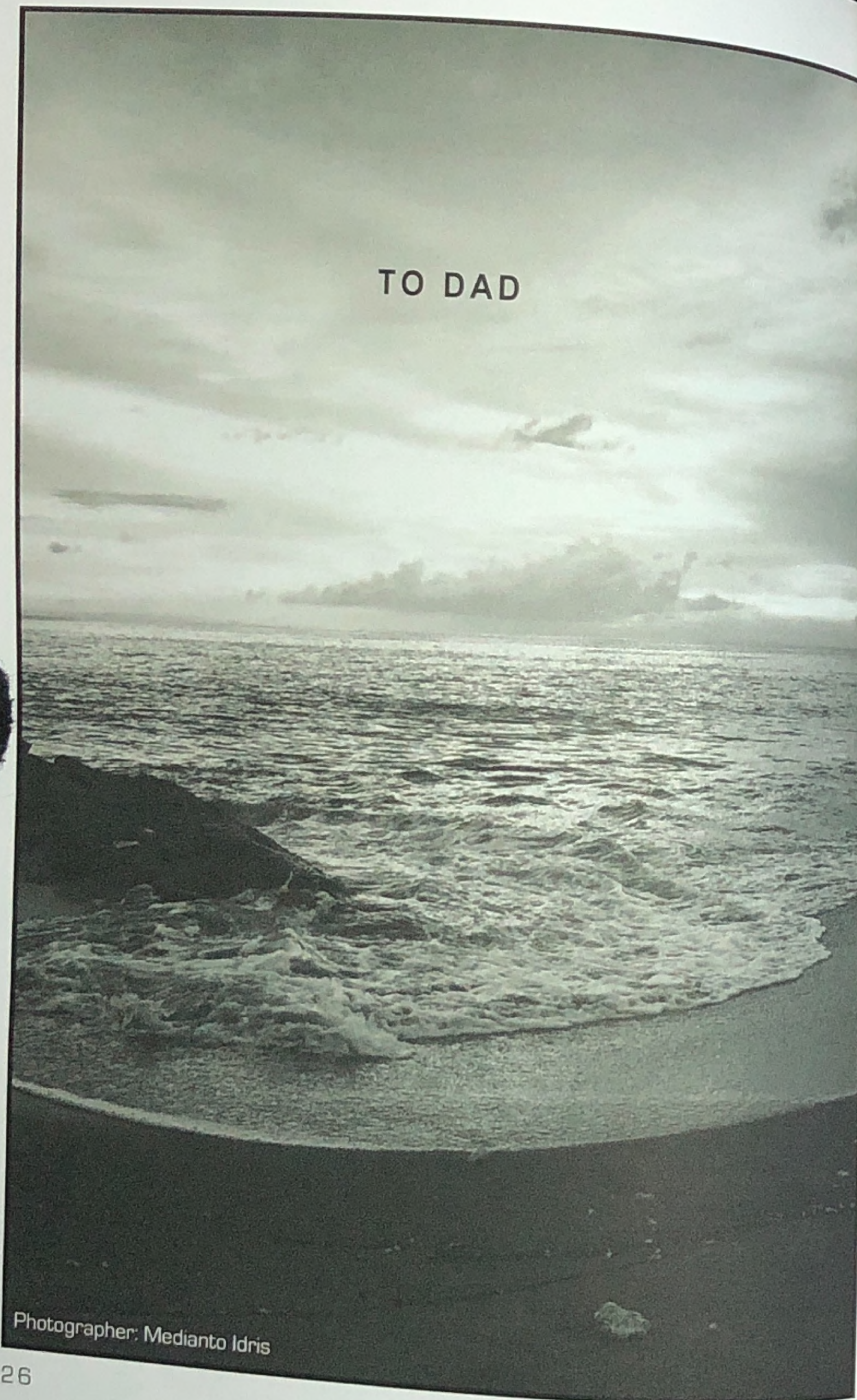
You took great pride in earning so you could provide us with the best,
Even though at times no doubt, this will have left you feeling stressed.

Until I became a parent, I underestimated your efforts behind the scenes,
But now I'm older and have kids myself, I understand what it means,
To be responsible, to guide and mould just like you did with me,
I can't ever repay you Father, all I can do is plea,
To Almighty, The Merciful, that He does grant you the highest rank,
And try my best in your name to **sadqa jariya**⁵ bank.

Until we meet again Father, lots of love ♥

⁵ Continuous ongoing charity/reward

TO DAD



Photographer: Medianto Idris

I always was a daddy's girl everyone
told me so,
I wouldn't say that I was spoilt, just
that dad could never say no!

I miss the banter that we had, the
laughs and jokes we shared,
The daily checking in you did with me,
that showed me that you cared.

You'd always encourage me and re-
mind me that I'm clever and smart,
But most of all you'd remind me to
hold The Almighty in my heart.

You taught me it was important to
achieve the best grades that I could,
That not all kids could study in peace,
is something you made sure I under-
stood.

You said to me often 'be sure to use
your talents well,
Whether you become a businesswom-
an with your own products to sell,
Or a teacher educating the generation
to come,
Or maybe even a doctor, sorting
someone's injured thumb!

Whatever you choose '**Beta**'⁶
make sure to do it with love,
And make your intention, that the
people you will serve.
For service to humanity is the
mark we leave behind,
And make sure that to everyone
you meet in life you are always
kind.'

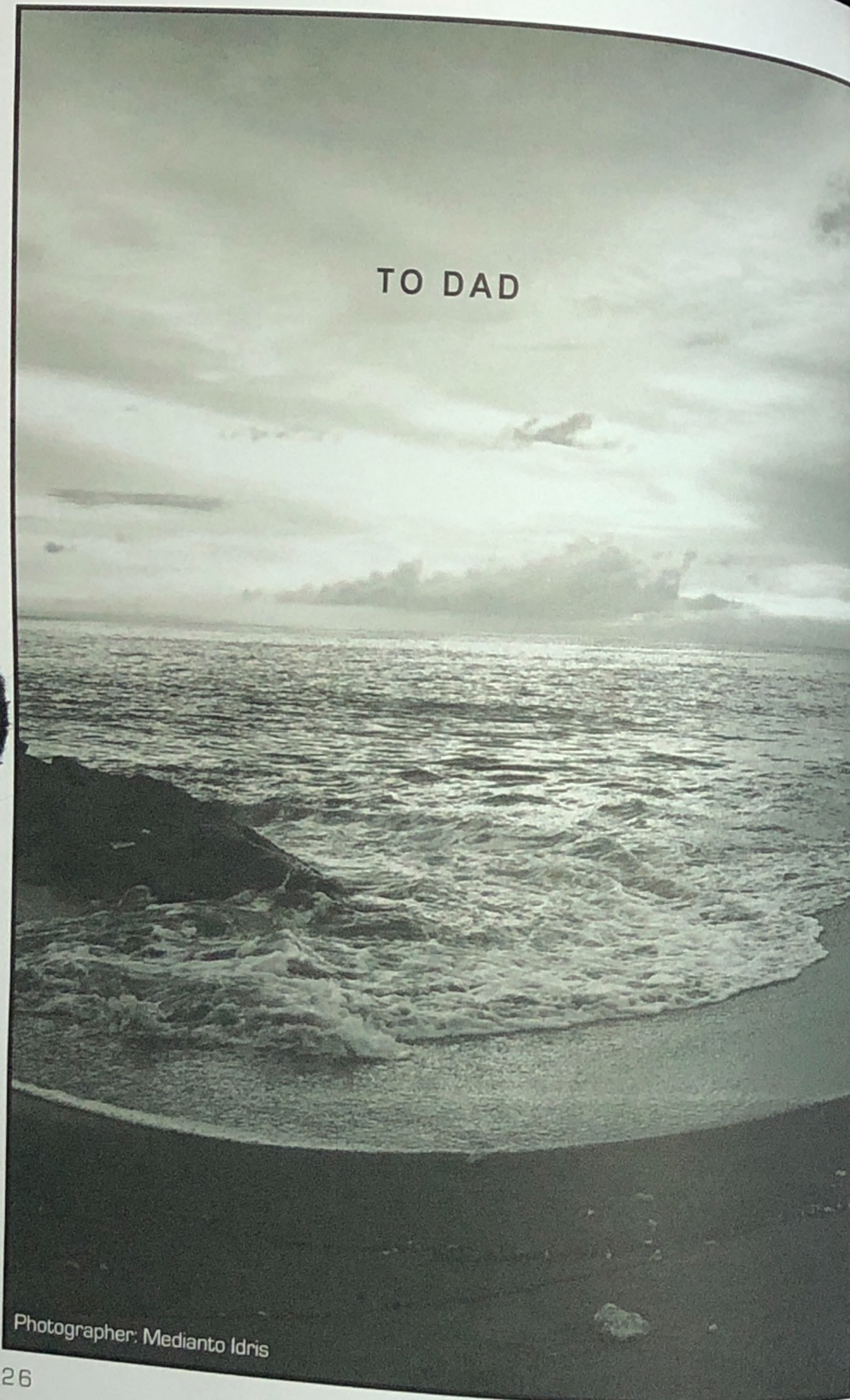
I promise I'm going to try my best
Dad, to do all the things you've
said,
Even though some days it's so
hard and I can't get you out of my
head.

I still can't believe you are gone
Dad, there was so much for you
left to see,
Graduation day, my wedding, and
eventually a mini-me!

I know it's The Almighty's will
though, and you wouldn't want me
to be sad,
So, I'll be patient and do you proud
- I'll always love you Dad. ♥

⁶ Term of endearment for a child

TO DAD



Photographer: Medianto Idris

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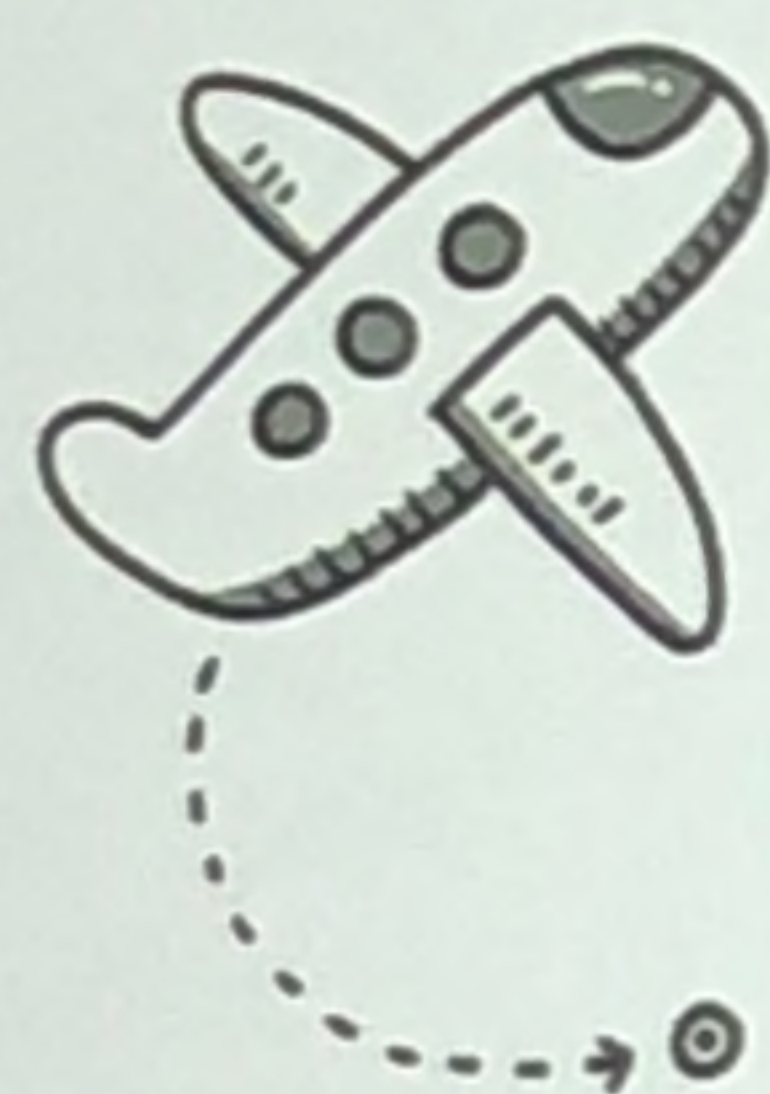
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⁶ Term of endearment for a child

TO MY LITTLE PRINCE



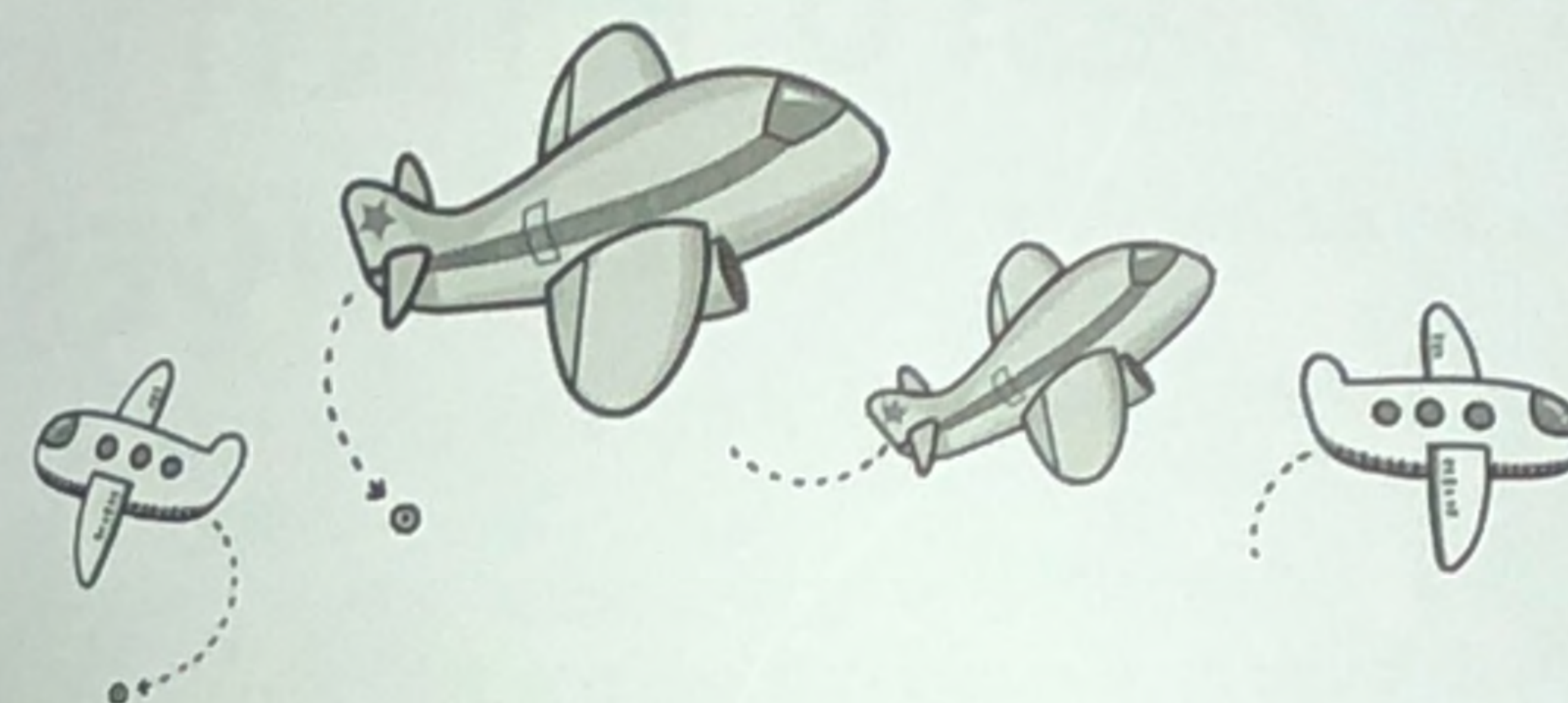
I still remember when I first saw you, with your tiny fingers and your toes,
You certainly stole my heart, with that cute little button nose!

Each day you were growing inside me, I counted down till we could meet,
Even more so after the first scan, when I heard your little heartbeat!

I'd daydream about what you'd look like - more like me or your dad?
That I'm never going to see you grow up, makes me really sad.

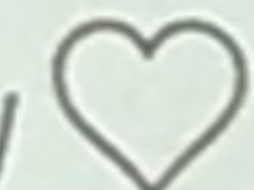
Actually, to be honest, it's more than sad I feel,
Even though I know hundreds of other women, have gone through this ordeal.

I feel I've lost a part of me, and I don't know how to cope,
Because even though they told me to expect the worse I still had secret hope.



It wasn't meant to be though, and you were born lifeless my child,
And so instead of registering your birth, it was your death we filed.
Not many people talk about you, but I think of you my little one every day,
And that you will be my means of **Jannah**⁷ is something for which I pray.

So even though my little Prince we weren't together here on Earth,
Hopefully one day in the gardens of Paradise we'll be together, and I'll forget all the sadness surrounding your birth.

Until we meet again, lots of love - Mummy 

Photographer: N.Ali

⁷ Paradise

TO MY LITTLE PRINCESS



I always thought you'd outlive me
not the other way round,
The hardest thing I had to do
was lay your body in the ground.
People always say no parent
should have to see their child
before them die,
Indeed, it was a sorrowful sight,
to watch your mother cry.

I struggled with your loss too
my child, but felt for your mum I
should be strong,
Those who think grief doesn't
affect men as much, couldn't be
more wrong!

I wonder how the Prophet (peace
be upon him) felt with all the losses
that he had,
Before he was even born, he'd
already lost his dad.

During his life, some of his children
did indeed die,
And although I'm sorry for his loss,
I'm not going to lie,
Learning what he did in tough
times brings great comfort to me,
That it's ok, for even men to cry, is
something from **Hadith**⁸ we see.

⁸ Sayings, commands, prohibitions,
actions and tacit approvals of Prophet
Muhammad (pbuh).

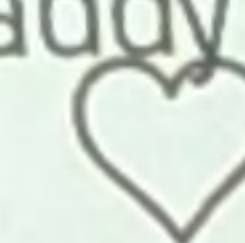


In fact, crying is a **Sunnah**⁹, it shows the softness of the
heart,
It's natural for tears to flow when a loved one does
depart.
I'm glad he made it ok to not have to be macho man,
Society has all these stereotypes, of which I'm not a fan!

I often think of you lying in the hospital bed,
Whilst I was trying to come to terms with what the
doctor had just said.
'I'm afraid there's not much more we can do' was the
dreaded words I didn't want to hear,
But in my heart of hearts, I knew that your last breath
was very near.

My heart is heavy my Princess, I miss you more than
words can say,
Knowing that together now we can no more laugh and
play.
One thing keeping me going though is that in the next
world we will meet,
For me and your mum in Paradise, make sure you save
a seat!
To be patient and do **Sabr**¹⁰ I'm going to do my best,
May The Almighty keep me steadfast and help me pass
this test.

Goodbye for now my Princess. Daddy loves you lots
Until we meet again....



⁹ Narration describing sayings, actions, character, physical description
and tacit approval of Prophet Muhammad (pbuh).

¹⁰ Endurance/perseverance

TO MY DEAREST BROTHER SULLY

■ ■ ■

There were times we used to argue,
times you'd drive me mad,
Growing up you always were a proper
Jack the Lad,
But when it mattered most Bro, you
were always there for us all,
Helping others around you was always
your daily goal.

You were always the one in gather-
ings, that put everyone around you at
ease,
Even the kids would be asking 'can we
sit with Sully Mama (uncle) please?'

You knew how to live well, you were so
funny I miss your laugh,
So many times, I'd try to tell you off
when you said something daft,
I'd say to you 'get married now! Who's
going to look after you when you're
old?'

It makes me laugh even now, the
excuses that you told!
About how my kids were yours, and my
daughter's kids were your grandkids
too!

But I guess the reality is that all along,
The Almighty had better plans for you.

If you'd left a young family behind,
there would have been even more
pain,
The Almighty is indeed the best of
planners, His wisdom does ordain.

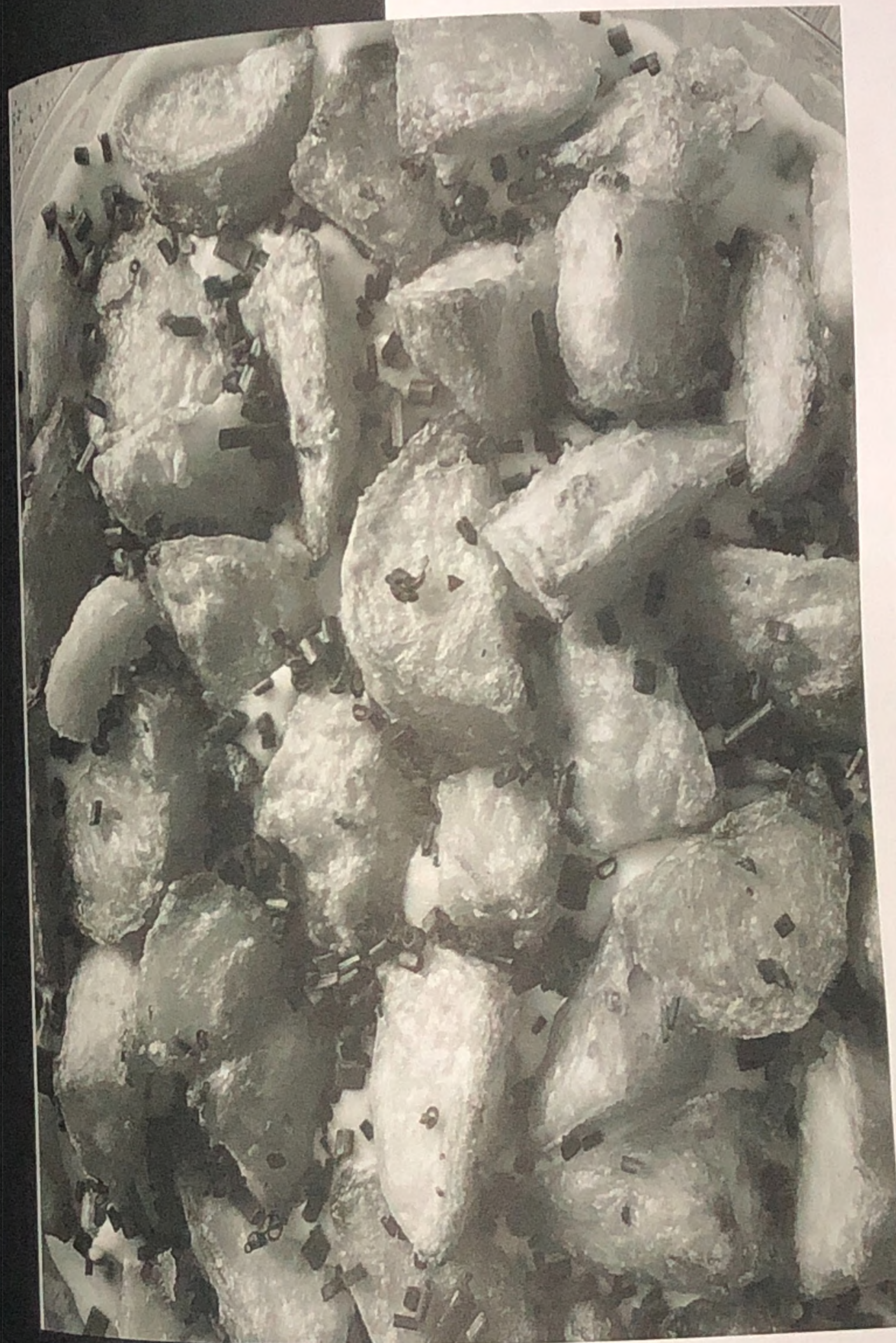
And so, despite missing you, more
than words can say,
I know there'll be some **Hikmah**¹¹, in
The Almighty taking you away
We all have to return to Him, some
of us early, others late,
Each of us will only live out the num-
ber of days written in our fate.

In our hearts Sully, you'll always be
remembered - especially when I
make a fish pie,
It's not as good as yours, but one
can only try!

I cannot wait to see you again, on the
other side,
Until then I'm praying for you and all
the '**Marhoom**'¹² that have died.

Until we meet again Bro, lots of love ♡

[Written in memory of @sajseeds_
recipes brother. May The Almighty
grant him Paradise. Ameen].

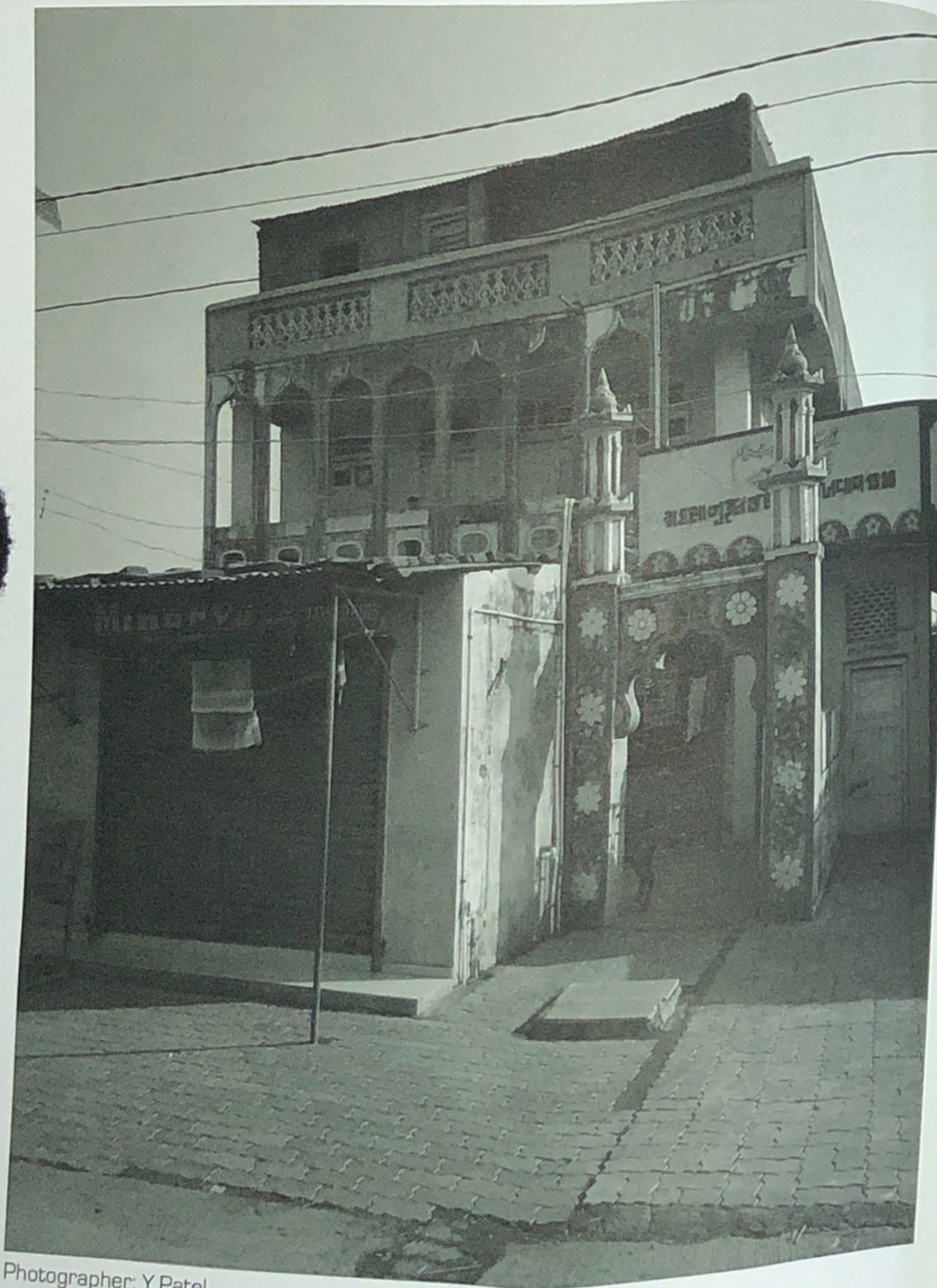


Photographer: S.Seedat

¹¹ Wisdom

¹² Deceased

MY DEAREST SISTER



Photographer: Y. Patel

Despite the cancer in your body, till the end you remained so strong,
To see your kids orphaned so young, just feels so very wrong.

But don't worry Sis, I've got your back like you had mine in days gone
by,
I promise to do my best for them and hug them when they cry.

I'll tell them tales of how their mum was funny and so kind-hearted,
And all the charity projects around the world that you had generously
started.

In them your legacy will live on, I'll try my best to make sure of that,
Perhaps one day even take them on a visit back, to our ancestral
home in Gujarat!

You always reminded all of us, how different our lives might have
been,
If our parents and grandparents hadn't made the sacrifice, to move
on to pastures green.

You emphasised the importance of not ever forgetting our roots,
Encouraging all around you to be grateful saying 'frowns nobody
suits!'

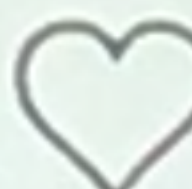
By the end you had lost so much weight, you were hard to recognise,
It was painful to watch the laboured breathing of your chest fall and
rise.

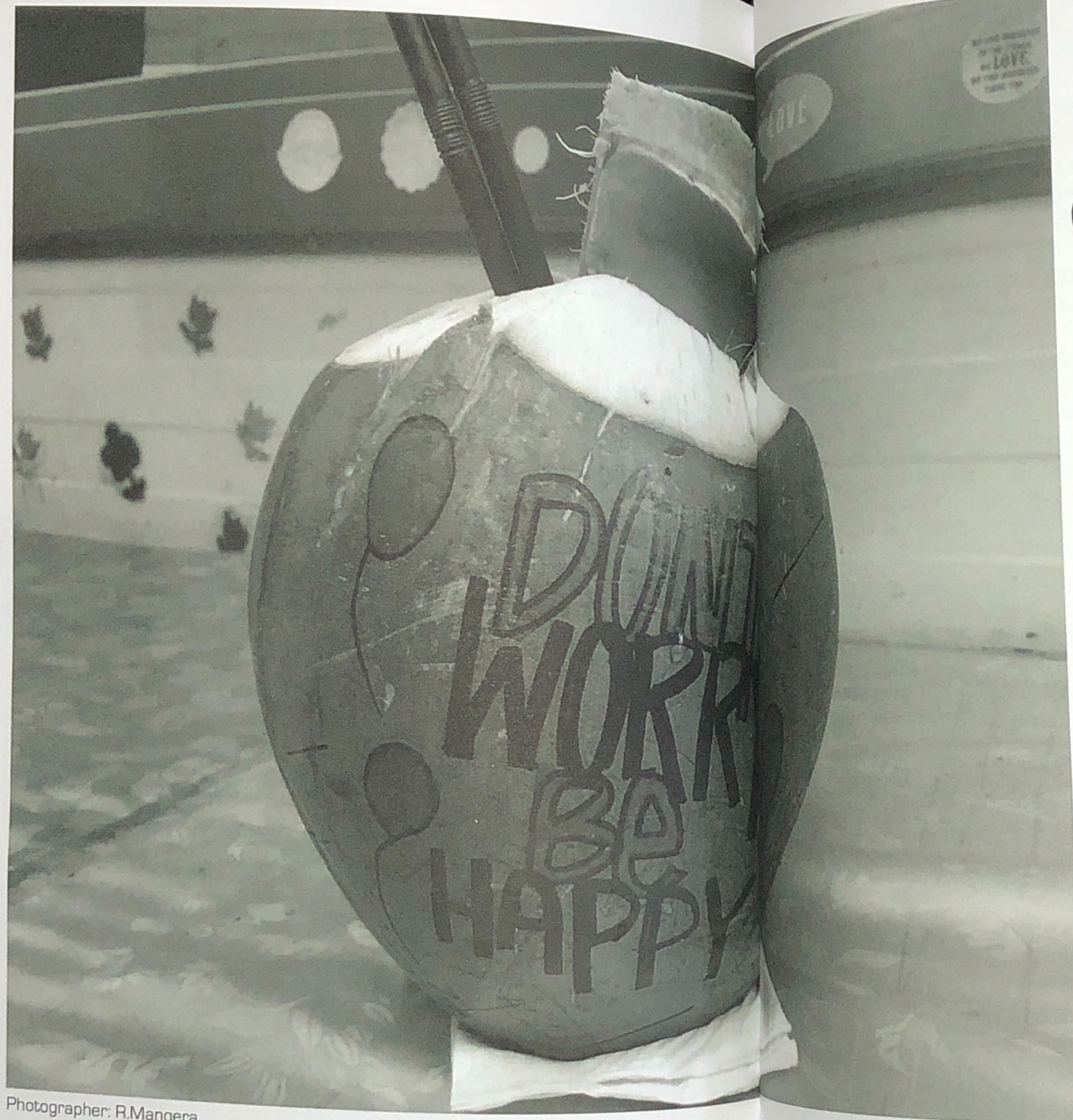
Attached to machines and drips, it was so difficult to see,
And so, even though losing you causes us so much pain, we are
pleased with The Almighty's decree.

You are no longer in pain Sis, and we pray your grave is filled with
light,
That you can see a view of Paradise, that fills you with delight.

We pray The Almighty safeguards you always, from the punishments
of Hell.

We pray right now the eternal fragrance of flowers you can smell.
Ameen

Until we meet again Sis, lots of love 



Photographer: R.Mangera

DEAREST GRANDMA

Nani, I have so many good memories
of you, where do I even start?
In all our lives your big personality
played such an important part.

'Don't worry, be happy!' were always
your magic words,
And whenever you were cooking for-
get seconds, I'd be having thirds!

Fish was your speciality, with simple
white rice it was the best,
And your naan gosh was finger-licking
- you'd have won any taste contest!

I still remember all your stories from
when you were a little girl,
And how you travelled for months on
a ship that made your sister hurl.

The poor thing was seasick, but in
those days the seas were the most
common way
Journeys would last months on end,
not like now where planes take less
than a day!

I can't even begin to understand the sacrifices your generation made,
If I were you, I'm not sure in the UK I would have stayed!

To be away from your family in a strange new land,
With no relatives around you to lend a helping hand.

Life wasn't easy for you guys, outside toilets were then the norm,
Imagine going out there in winter, in the middle of a storm!

Lighting coal fires, hand washing nappies, the cotton mills, you'd seen it all,
But you'd still always greet everyone with a smile no matter what, on you,
did befall.

Despite your age, you were young at heart - always up for some fun,
You'd take us out to the park and say 'get some vitamin D from the sun!'

When you came round to Mums, you'd always sit in the sunniest spot,
We'd always have your favourite - jam and toast with tea piping hot!

Like me Nani, your favourite colour was indeed blue,
You'd make sure your orhni and dress were matching and coloured glass
bangles too!

Whenever I wear a bracelet, your words play in my head,
Married women shouldn't leave their hands bare, is what you always said!
Although I miss your food and fun, your advice and cheeky grin,
What I miss Nani most of all, is the softness of your skin.

Because you gave the best hugs ever, the melt your worries away kind,
You were the queen of hugs, of that there's no doubt in my mind.

One thing that sticks out to me is something you told me when I wed,
And it's a prayer now I ask for each day before I go to bed.

It's something you clearly asked The Almighty for, and indeed He did
give it to you.

And if there's goodness in it, I pray He will grant it to me too.

You said 'never talk badly of anyone's marriage because what the
future holds for your own you can't be sure.'
And to 'ask The Almighty that when your time comes to leave this
world, on your husband's shoulders you should go.'

When I queried Nani dear, 'what's the reason why?'
She said 'my child, life's not the same for a woman, once her hus-
band does die.'

'It's no easy feat being a widow, without a man of the house over
your head.

Yes, women may run the household and make sure the kids are
fed.

But men protect our honour, our dignity they uphold,
Sure, feminists may argue that's no longer how things roll!

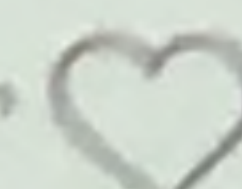
'If you don't believe me, child, go and ask a widow how they feel,
Despite the support around them, the loneliness is real.'

I understand now Nani, the wisdom behind this wish of yours,
And to every widow out there my love and sympathy goes.

I'm glad your pain-free now Nani, from this world's trouble and toil,
I pray your resting peacefully, free from any turmoil.

May The Almighty grant you a high rank for all the difficulties you
did see,

'Don't worry, be happy' hopefully (IA) you will now be, for all eternity.

Until we meet again Nani - lots of love, your granddaughter 

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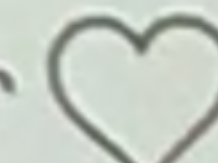
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DEAREST GRANDAD

I never really got to meet you, you were long gone before I was born,
However, photographs of you, I have indeed been shown.

It seems you were wise Grandad, from what Mum and Dad tell me,
It's a shame for myself, that I didn't get to see.

I think you live on in me though, everyone says I look like you,
You and I are the only family members, to have eyes that are blue.

I've heard lots of people say 'the good ones always do go first'
They say you were a good one – of the Quran you knew every verse!

I hope when I'm a grown-up I can be a **Hafiz**¹³ too,
So that in the next world, I can also come to Jannah and meet you.

Until then Grandad – lots of love, your grandson. ♥

¹³ Title given to an individual who has memorised the whole Quran.



Photographer: R.Mangera

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Photographer: R.Mangera

THE ALMIGHTY WILL GET YOU THROUGH...

Another day, news of yet another death,
Once again, we hear of someone who has just drawn their final breath.

For those of us left behind, it seems so surreal,
Struggling to cope with the immense loss we feel.

And although it may seem like at times the darkness is too much,
As we long to see our loved ones again, just a glimpse or a touch,

A hug from a parent, a smile from the Mrs,
The voice of a husband offering to do the dishes.

The words of wisdom of a grandma that you'd wish you'd written down,
Or the sound of laughter of a child, who is no longer around.

None of these people can ever be brought back,
And yet for each of them to live on you don't need a memorial plaque.

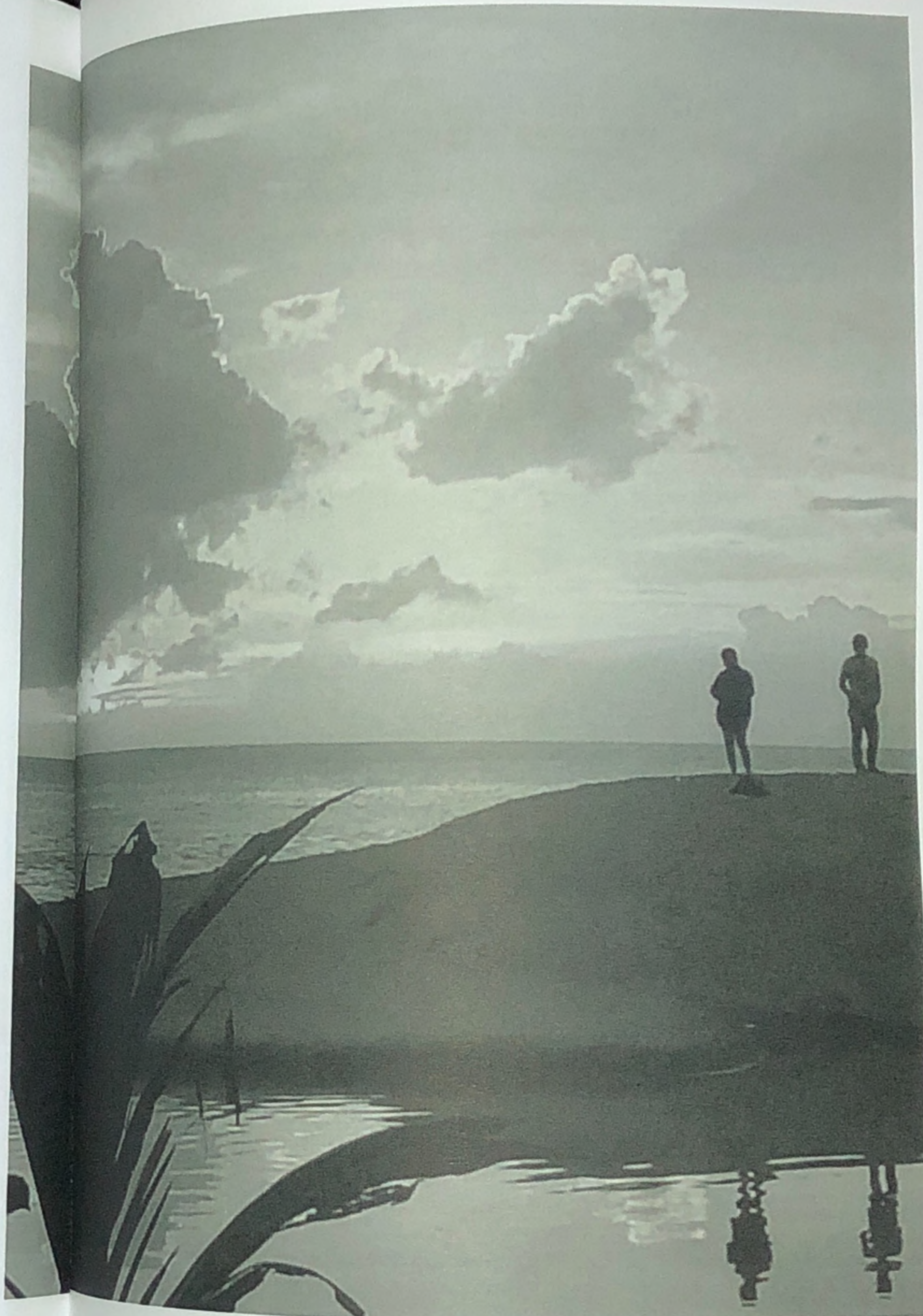
Live each day to the fullest, do good and make them proud,
Show people around you, you love them, don't wait till they're in a shroud!

And send them gifts each day for that's all that the departed now from us
need,

Intend to share the reward every time you do a good deed.

They say time is a healer, but I don't know if that's true,
All I can promise you is that The Almighty will get you through!

To all of us left behind stay strong – you've got this!



Photographer: Medianto Idris

*If you have been affected by any of the poems or themes in this book, please don't hesitate to reach out for help within your local community. Informal support from friends, family, GP services, your local chaplain at school, university or hospital as well as charitable organisations are just **some** of the wide array of resources available, including those listed *below:*

Cruse Bereavement Care – www.cruse.org.uk

At a Loss Org – this is a signposting website to bereavement services (an excellent one stop shop as you can search the directory to suit your needs based on loss, faith, location etc) www.ataloss.org

Brake Helpline (service for anyone bereaved as a result of a road traffic accident) - www.brake.org.uk

National Bereavement Service – www.thenbs.org

Muslim Bereavement Support Service – www.mbss.org.uk

SANDS (Stillbirth and neonatal death charity) – www.sands.org.uk

Children of Jannah – www.childrenofjannah.com

*all details correct at time of publication

Finally, I shall end with these wonderful words of wisdom I recently came across. Its an amazing analogy, in the words of the great scholar, Mufti Muhammad Taqi Usmani, that he said to a man on the demise of his son. I hope you will find his eloquent words as helpful and uplifting as I did!

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I remind people who have lost their dear ones to imagine how you manage when you have a child living abroad. You don't meet him for years. But you are content that he is living happily. You don't see him all the time or talk to him often, but you are satisfied about his wellbeing.

Similarly, a believer (mu-min) feels the same about his departed loved ones. Moreover, this separation is temporary. It is not permanent. One day you are going to meet him. This is the meaning of: Innalillahi Wa Inna Ilaihi Raajioon -We certainly belong to The Almighty, and to Him we are bound to return. When this meeting will happen, no one knows. But it will, for sure, occur. Till that time you can send him gifts in the form of forwarding the reward of the good deeds (esaa-e-thawaab) as much as you wish. This will certainly benefit him as has been reported in authentic sayings of Rasulullah (sallallahu 'alaihi wasallam).

This thinking gives much consolation to the bereaved

”
family members.
(www.ashrafiya.com)

I pray The Almighty forgives all our loved ones. May He fill our hearts with comfort and solace during our time of grief and make our loss a means of growing closer to Him. May He reunite us all in the eternal Gardens of Paradise. Ameen.

Till that day, keep smiling, being kind and doing good. See you on the other side!

Rubena x

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UNTIL WE MEET AGAIN...

is R. Mangera's debut to the literary world. Inspired by the current Covid pandemic, she takes the reader on a journey with her. From getting the initial news of the loss of a loved one, through to the various stages of the grieving process, her collection of poems covers them all. The relatable nature of this book exploring the themes of death, loss, grief and hope makes this an ideal gift for anyone who has suffered a bereavement. It is a ray of hope during these dark times reminding us all that indeed 'The Almighty will get us through.'